Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserue to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remidies.
Cosin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Cosin, is it so?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no. *Flourish, Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'le Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of sorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not
La. Madam, Ile sing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast c
But thou should'st please me be
La. I could weepe, Madam,
Qu. And I could sing, would
And never borrow any Teare o
Enter a Gardiner, and
But stay, heere come the Gard
Let's step into the shadow of t
My wretchednesse, unto a Row
They'le talke of state: for ever
Against a change; Woe is fore-ru
Gard. Goe binde thou up yo
VVhich like unruly Children, m
Stoupe with oppression of their
Give some supportance to the b
Goe thou, and like an Executi
Cut off the heads of too fast gr
That looke too lofty in our Co
All must be even, in our Govern
You thus imploy'd, I will goe
The noysome weedes, that with
The Soyles fertility from whole
Ser. Why should we, in the co
Keepe Law and Forme, and du
Shewing as in a Modell our firm
When our Sea-walled Garden,
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flo
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, he
Her Knots disorder'd, and her w
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disord
Hath now himselfe met with th
The Weeds that his broad-spre
That seem'd, in eating him, to
Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by

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